FASHION FAVORS VELVET GOWNS.

Tailor Styles Are Proper for Morning Wear.

VELVETEEN ALSO IN VOGUE.

Every Type of Woman Can Wear a Becoming Hat, So Varied and Artistic Are the Shapes—Revival of the Poke of the Last Century.

Velvet gowns are very chic this season, and are worn for all occasions. This is not saying that cloth costumes have gone out of fashion, although one might think so to judge by the number of the velvet ones that are made up. For morning wear the styles are much simpler than for the afternoon—in fact, they copy closely after the cloth. They are in the simple tailor styles for street wear in the morning and the elaborately trimmed and light colored velvets for the afternoon.

Black velvet is exceedingly popular, but the different shades of brown are also considered desirable, and gray in all shades is still in demand. There are also costumes made in a blue green, a sapphire blue, and a dark hunter's green, but one sees many more black than anything else.

These same models are used for velveteen, which is as fashionable this year as velvet and is manufactured of most beautiful quality and texture, so that it is almost impossible to tell it from the velvet.

As a rule, velveteen and velvet gowns are worn only in the street, but there are some few models made up for the house. These, however, are as a rule of velveteen. The velvet is for dinner dress only, and then trimmed with point lace, as usual, or with some embroidery done on the velvet itself.

Fashions in millinery are unusually smart this season, and, as there is such a variety of shapes to choose from, it would be quite inexcusable for a woman to appear in an unbecoming hat. There are shapes suitable to be worn with hair high or low, and, while flat hats are the newest, there is no law against wearing high trimmings if they are more becoming.

Velvet, cloth, tulle, net, and felt are all used in hats, and it is quite as fashionable to wear colors as to wear black. The three-cornered hat is a favorite shape, but there are many modifications of it, so that there is no danger of its being too popular. Hats worn over the face are all the style, but there are just as many now worn off the face to show the hair low on the forehead. There are one or two shapes that are quite like old-fashioned poke bonnets, but without strings. In the millinery stores is shown a three-cornered hat of white felt, the rough, shaggy kind, with brim bound with black velvet. Directly in the front of the hat is a rosette of panne velvet with a jet button in the centre. Caught by the rosette is a long white ostrich plume which covers the brim at the left side and falls down on the hair at the back. The second model is a modified poke made in black velvet with two ostrich tips inside the brim and one long one at the back around the crown, and with a bow of black velvet at the back of the hat, caught with a rhinestone buckle. Many hats are made to match the costume; others are of contrasting colors.

MADAME AND THE NOVICE.

Stories of the World Ruined Young Postulant's Peace.

Here is a story about a woman who was a scintillating star in the social firmament of Washington nearly thirty years ago. When scarcely more than a bride, with the world at her feet, she was attacked with a long and terrible spell of typhoid fever that resulted in the loss of her hair. During her convalescence she determined to go into seclusion until her locks should grow and, as her physicians ordered mountain air, she obtained the privilege of spending the summer in a convent high on a cliff overlooking one of the most beautiful rivers in the world. During her stay she was attended by a lovely young novice who was nearly ready to make her last vows. This novice, who had been a mountain girl, utterly ignorant of the value the world attaches to such beauty as she possessed, became devoted to the society woman and listened to the gorgeous descriptions of life's pleasure as eagerly as a little child listens to a fairy tale. One day the locks had grown into chestnut rings, and madame, with many wishes that she could take the novice back so so that the world could do justice to such loveliness, said good-by and went away.

And the years went by.

Two summers ago, madam, widowed, and childless, made another visit to the convent, hoping that its peaceful routine would ease her world-weary heart. She had always remembered the beautiful novice, and it was for her she asked when she rang at the old stone gate. She was told that Sister Agnes had been dead for nearly thirty years. How she died the portress did not say, but when madame reached the quaint little hotel on the side of the mountain she learned the story from the woman who kept it.

It was not a long story, but it was one that madame will never forget.

The novice was very young and childlike, and a rich lady had come to the convent and so filled her heart with longings for the world that the poor thing stole away from the sacred shelter to find the lday in her distant home. Without money and in her habit and rosary, only one thing could happen. She was picked up on the road by a passing carriage and brought back to the monastery gates.

She had not the courage, however, to ring the bell, but came down to the hotel, and sending the keeper to the superior with a message that she was grieved at the scandal she had caused, she broke into a fit of weeping that brought on a hemorrhage from which she died.

Dress of Ash-Colored Velveteen, Trimmed With Embroidery.

Concerning Kids.

A "Subscriber in Darkness" writes for light concerning the cleaning of white kid gloves. She states that she has tried a dozen recipes and failed on every one. Apparently the one thing for so persevering a character to do is to try again. Thirteen isn't a lucky number, but, on the other hand, if the gloves are the same that were subjected to past experiments it isn't likely they can be hurt. It would be a downright pleasure to help "Subscriber" out, but unfortunately the editor of the Woman's Page has also had her glove-cleaning aspirations and ignominiously failed.

A good plan is to pay 10 cents to a professional cleaner and save time, to say nothing of the wear and tear on one's gloves and temper.

Long Jacket, Made of Blue Cloth, Lapels Trimmed With Fancy Embroidery Upon Applications of Red Cloth.

SOFA CUSHIONS ONE MAN'S BANE.

He Also Makes Remarks About Wool Slippers.

TOILET SANDALS ALL RIGHT.

It Is Only When They Are Worn for Too Long a Time That They Lay the Foundation for Colds and Other Ills That Woman Is Heir To.

And now a mathematical cynic confronts woman with the number of sofa cushions she makes in a year. He declares there are 75,000,000 stuffed atrocities lumbering up the houses of this country, and that the majority of them are so uncomfortably beribboned and chiffonned and gold-spangled as to ruin the usefulness of countless couches and chairs.

He claims that the sofa cushion and its companion ill, the knitted or crocheted slipper, is a woman's conception of Christmas. It is needless to specify the exact sort of slipper, for the chances are that every other woman in Washington has a pair in her work basket this minute as a gift for some cherished friend. The cynic—he is also a physician—says that she might as well surprise the cherished friend with a dose of poison. He kindly admits the merit of the toilet sandal when limited to the mission for which it was made, but holds that its abuse is responsible for the unaccountable colds that women catch—to say nothing of worse ills.

He admits the merit of the dressing slipper when limited to the mission for which it was created, but holds that its unwise abuse is responsible for the unaccountable colds that women catch—to say nothing of their consequent ills.

A woman comes in fagged from calls or shopping and if she has an hour for neglige the first thing she does is to thrust her feet into the deliciously fluffy depths of her lamb's wool slippers and there they stay long enough to give her all the cold pneumonia wants for a start. She may have furred "Juliets," swansdown sabots, and gold-wrought Turkish slippers with tassels on their turned-up toes, but none of them attract her like her sandals of wool and zephyr, possibly because the wearing of them is just dangerous enough to possess the charm of forbidden fruit.

The average society woman is capable of vast extremes in the matter of feet. When the hour comes for the wool sandal to give way to the demands of dress she can shoehorn herself into tight boots as stoically as an old-time knight buckled on his armor for a tourney or a fray. Naturally the blood does not circulate freely, and her flesh cools dangerously quick and anything from a slight cold to a funeral is the consequence.

A WEDDING GOWN.

And How the Bride Came to Wear It.

There lives in this city the widow of a naval officer who was killed in the civil war. She is a childless woman, and, except for an ancient colored mammy, lives entirely alone, in an old-fashioned house on the heights of Georgetown.

At the time of her marriage in the sixties, she possessed a friend who also loved the young officer, and who afterward married a merchant, who died leaving her a daughter and debts.

As the merchant's widow had never forgiven her successful rival, and the other could never forget, it has happened in all these years that they have never exchanged visits, nor even bowed in passing. One day, not so long ago, however, the officer's widow found herself shopping at the same counter with her former friend, who, unaware of her presence, was deep in a troubled consultation with her daughter, and the officer's widow heard every word.

"There is no use talking," said the girl finally, in a voice tremulous with distress. "I will just have to wear a traveling dress, and all my life I have dreamed of being married in white."

By that time the listener had heard enough to justify her in doing what some good people might call a Quixotic, but certainly was a very gracious deed.

She went straight home and going to a padlocked trunk unlocked and lifted from its perfumed depths a bundle wrapped in linen, which she tearfully unpinned.

It was a bolt of creamy Canton crepe that her husband had brought her from China—his last gift—and only those who have loved and lost can understand how sacredly it was treasured.

That evening she carried it to the home of the merchant's widow, and a month later, when the daughter became a bride, every society writer in Washington had something nice to say of her gown of Chinese crepe.

Wise Miss Mary.

There is a young saleswoman in one of the department stores of this city who attributes her large following of custom to the fact that, besides being obliging and amenable, as far as possible, to the whims of the hundreds of shoppers who deal with her during the day, she has enlightened herself as to the quantity of ribbon needed for various styles of bows; how many yards of material it takes to make a skirt, and a hundred other odd bits of feminine knowledge that help out a woman who does not know those things for herself.

There are many women who work so hard at their business callings that they have no time to keep track of the styles that the average feminine has at her finger's ends, and the saleswoman who can help them out when the fit, or the necessity, takes them shopping, can rely on their constant trade.

To be necessary to so many people means steady work and good pay to the young woman who has her living to make behind the counter, and though "Miss Mary" has nothing to do with either ribbons or dry goods, she finds that her knowledge pays.

The Twentieth Century Blush.

King Solomon has just been flatly contradicted by the French chemist, Baubet, who claims to have discovered something new under the sun. It is a colorless rouge that shows no tint until the wearer compresses her lips, when the movement of the muscles will cause a faint glow to flush the cheek and fade or deepen, according to the pressure brought to bear.

Baubet owns to hating women and gloats over the money he expects to coin from the vanity of the sex. He calls his invention the twentieth century blush and claims for it that when properly regulated it will express every emotion the new woman can find use for; from the peach pink of maiden bashfulness to the peony red fury of a woman scorned.

At the Coffee Urn.

The breakfast jacket, like charity, covers a multitude of ills. The wife who is so dead to her own interests as to slouch into her morning meal in untidy waist, when a few yards of outing flannel, a ribbon bow and frill of lace can be bought for less than a dollar, ought to be dead, buried, and her place at the head of the table given to a brighter, nattier number two, who knows how to appreciate the goods the gods provide—via her husband's pocket.

Instinctively we condemn the woman with a frayed skirt braid, and yet—she may be working twelve hours a day.

Walking Dress of Hanneton-Colored Velvet, Trimmed With Chinchilla.

HOW TO BAKE A HOECAKE.

This Culinary Triumph Is Achieved by Few Cooks.

Science has decided that hoecake is the only bread that should be brought to the table hot. This being the case, it behooves the housekeeper to know the way of its making.

There are many ways of not knowing how to make a hoecake. They are found principally in cook books. You will read in one: "Take equal quantities of cornmeal and flour"—and then you stop, because there is no flour in hoecake.

Another begins with that air of knowing it all peculiar to cook books and dictionaries: "Beat two eggs briskly"——

A hoecake knows no eggs.

Another starts out accurately with: "To a quart of cornmeal seasoned with salt, add water enough to make a stiff batter. The water should be hot."

Water should be cold.

Another steers clear of the foregoing errors, but slips up with the baking, which, she declares, should be done in a "stove pan, similar to those used in the South before the war."

By "stove pan" the recipe lady means the iron skillet on legs, which the Southern cooks used to stand on the hearth of the big, open fireplace—there were no stoves in those antebellum times—and in which they used to cook everything they didn't boil, except hoecakes.

A glowing heap of red hot coals would be shoveled from the bed of the fire to the hearth, and there the cook would set her skillet. Cornpone, light bread, biscuits, and rolls went in those piping hot receptacles, and when the iron lid was put on and banked with more coals, the colored goddess who presided as the spirit of that fire would go to the spring, or pick chickens, or spank a pickaninny without apparently the least interest in that skillet until, leisurely stopping to take a drink from the gourd floating in the water tub, or to take a few extra plucks from her fowl, or to stand in the door to call out to some adjacent Pomp or Sambo to "fotch her a passle 'er chips," she would go to the hearth, lift that skillet lid with a poker, and there would be her bread done to a turn, a delicious crusty brown.

But she never baked hoecakes that way; she knew better. Her hoecake pan wasn't a pan at all, but a disk of iron as black as the ace of spades and as smooth and shining as glass. Hoes haven't been used since way back before the Revolution. When she wanted to make a hoecake she stood a flatiron or something that answered the same purpose before the fire and leaned the disk against it with its face turned to the blaze. By the time it was good and hot she would have her dough ready—cornmeal seasoned with salt and worked with her hands into a pattycake consistency with water out of the gourd. Then she would flicker a dust of meal over the hot surface of that disk, pat the cake on top with her deft hand, punching her finger in the centre so that the steam could escape, set it before the fire at just the right angle, and then go off to come back now and then to revolve it so that it should brown evenly all over, and when done whisk it from the iron with a knife, clap it on a plate, slit it in the middle, and butter and send to the table piping hot.

And that's the way to make a hoecake.

The Rosette Will Reign.

HAVE YOU A COLOR?

If Not, You Must Try to Grow Red Cheeks.

Everybody's Love must be like Burns' Red, Red Rose, these days, if she wants to be one of the bouquet of beauties in society's garden of girls. If she does not grow natural roses she must cultivate them, and there is more than one way how. Once on a time a Washington girl attained a rich bloom by sawing wood—an aristocratic young person she was, too, and married a mint of money.

Another dainty maid took to scrubbing but fear for her hands necessitated her changing her stunt to sweeping—which is really splendid for bringing all sorts of Delsarte motions into play—to say nothing of the clean floors.

These workers are in the sere and yellow leaf now, but they were buds in those days, and their glowing cheeks were their fortune.

The girls of the next generation were lank and sallow, with yearnings in all sorts of aesthetic directions, and they wore picture frocks, looked unutterable things at sunflowers, until all at once there was a revolution and the athletic girl came to the front. This sturdy type has had a jolly time, but the wheel is turning back a bit, and the fiat has gone forth that freckles and tan are healthy, but not becoming, and cheeks must blush again.

The Duchess of Marlborough has acquired lovely and delicate cheeks, though how she came by them, since they are not for sale, and she has been chronically pale, she has not so far, seen proper to say. It is said, too, that the young Countess of Craven is trying industriously to achieve a color, and her friends are waiting to see how her efforts will turn out, as it is understood that she acknowledges to having a plan.

The Countess Castellane—if reports be true—went after hers according to the French fashion—just as she got her yellow hair—but there are dozens of ways of acquiring them—if only one knows how.

Can You Boil Water.

A business woman said the other day that, while she was not as good a cook as she would like to be, on account of her outside duties, she must say that she knew how to boil water beautifully—and the people who heard her laughed. They had evidently never heard of Sir Andrew Clark, of London. Sir Andrew's word is doctrine, so far as water is concerned, and he has proclaimed that, when properly boiled, it possesses the same medicinal qualities attributed to an equal amount of whisky.

He has had similarly forceful things to say about the unhealthiness of water badly cooked, but it doesn't make a pleasant story.

A Modernized Poke.